

OBSERVATIONS

IN

A JOURNEY to PARIS.

VOL. II.

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OBSERVATIONS
IN
A JOURNEY to PARIS

BY WAY OF
F L A N D E R S,

In the Month of AUGUST 1776.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

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REPORT OF THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN



THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN
OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK
IN SENATE CONFIRMED
JANUARY 14 1875
BY THE SENATE
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OBSERVATIONS
IN
A JOURNEY to PARIS, &c.

The FRENCH THEATRE.

WHEN I had the honour of
paying a visit at the *Hotel de
Parlement d'Angleterre*, to the only
traveller from England with whom

VOL. II.

B

I had

I had the good fortune to converse while I was at *Paris*, and from whom, I was assured, I should obtain some valuable information; he questioned me concerning the use I had made of my time; where I had been, and what I had seen? Whether I had been at *Versailles*, at *St. Cloud*, at the *Palais Royal*, to see the best collection of pictures in *France*, &c. &c. I answered, that, as my time was short, and I had business to do as well as curiosity to satisfy at *Paris*, I feared I must reserve many things against another visit. Have you been,
said

said he, at the French theatres ? When I answered in the negative ; you must go, said he, if you wish for the best opportunity of improving yourself in the *French* language ; no method in the world is so good as to read the play while it is acting, and to hear how it is spoken at the same time : I go every night myself with the view of keeping up my *French*, and find it extremely useful. Having received this good advice, I determined to follow it as fast as possible : and, as the most proper of the three theatres seemed to be the

Comedie Francoise, in the palace of the *Thuilleries*, I enquired for the play-bills : the tragedy of *Coriolanus* was given out for the evening : I applied to my bookseller, who furnished me with a copy of the play, and I promised myself some advantage from the experiment. The plays begin so early at *Paris*, that they are over at about a quarter past eight. I went rather too late, and the play was begun : however, I produce my book, and listen to the performance, I look for the place, but am not able to find the part they are upon : I turn
the

the leaves backwards and forwards, and still to as little purpose as before. Bless me! thought I, my French has all forsaken me! I either cannot see or cannot hear. At length, after much perplexity, I discover that my *Coriolanus* is not the *Coriolanus* they are acting, but totally different in the plan, and different in the *Dramatis Personæ**,

* C'est ici le lieu d'avertir les étrangers, qui desireroient se procurer les pièces qui se jouent sur le théâtre des comédies Françaises et Italiennes, qu'ils doivent s'adresser directement chez la veuve Duchesne, libraire, rue St. Jacques, au Temple de Goût. Ils seront assurés d'avoir les bonnes éditions, et au prix ordinaire, sans quoi ils risqueront

I put away my spurious book ; and, as I am to have less help from my eyes, I depend more upon my ears, which, with a cold I had caught, were but ill prepared for the disappointment. I came to the theatre, as I confess, with a prepossession common to Englishmen, that the volatile lively genius of the French nation could not enter, with judgment, into the spirit of tragedy : I rather wished for a comedy, having persuaded myself that the manner

ront d'avoir des éditions contrefaites, et remplies de fautes.

would

would make the matter ridiculous.

But I found it quite otherwise: I found the utmost dignity and propriety of action, force of expression, and all the graces that make elocution perfect. In short, with my surprize at what I had so little expected, and the affecting matter of the plot itself, my attention was so deeply engaged in the scene between *Coriolanus* and his mother, that I felt myself quite overpowered.

About this time a very calamitous accident befel a promising young man, the eldest son of Ma-

dame —, a widow, in whose house we lodged at *Paris*. He was in training for the army, and, it was said, a commission had lately been purchased for him. In fencing, his antagonist pushed him so forcibly in the breast with his foil, that a part of it broke off, and the fractured blade going upwards, out of its direction, wounded one of his eyes, and pierced him to the brain, penetrating far into his head. He took an handkerchief from his pocket, and clapping it to his eye with his hand, leaned his head upon a table and expired
imme-

immediately. This is not the only instance, by a great many, in which a mock-fight has ended in real death,

The

The OBSERVATORY.

There is a season of vacation, at *Paris*, from the beginning of *August* to the end of *September*; during which, the public repositories, that are usually open to strangers, are shut up. This put me to some inconvenience, because there was no gaining access to them without some interest and a particular application. Many of the principal people in office were also out of town.

town. Three places yet remained which I wanted very much to see; the Royal Observatory, the Library of St. *Genevieve*, and the King's Cabinet, together with the gardens.

A worthy protestant gentleman, who resides at Paris, and who did me many kind offices, introduced me to one of the astronomers, Monsieur *Jeaurat*, who very politely gave himself the trouble of shewing me the Observatory. It is a building, composed of stones, exactly square, and uncommonly massy. By the flatness of the roof,
which

which is paved with bricks, the wet has penetrated, and, by washing the mortar from the joints of the stone, has hurt the whole structure. Why it was not covered with lead I cannot conceive, as the arches of stone underneath were strong enough to bear any weight that might be necessary for their own preservation. From the northern window there is a delightful prospect of the city of Paris. The domes that arise in different quarters, the palaces, monasteries, churches, and public buildings, every where distributed, and

and the rural verdure of gardens and public walks, intermixing itself with the whole, form as rich a view as can well be presented to the eye ; and the perfect clearness of the air, in which no smoke is visible, permits us to take in every part of it without interruption. If Oxford were ten times as big as it is, the adjacent country level on all sides, and the water which surrounds it went through the middle of the city, it would have much the same appearance with Paris. Through the center of the whole building of the observatory, there
is

is a circular well, which is continued as far under the ground as the building itself is raised above it; and at this depth, to which we descend by a winding staircase of stone, of one hundred and seventy steps, there are subterraneous passages, or narrow alleys, with stone walls on each side, which seem more extensive than the building itself, and branch out into many directions. They conduct us to a cave or grotto, from the roof of which the water, having penetrated all the way from the top of the observatory, distils

con-

constantly to the floor, and there forms a petrified crust. It was the office of a poor bare-footed woman and her child to attend us, with a lighted torch, through all the various turnings of this cold and damp labyrinth; and, it seemed to me, as if we must have been irrecoverably lost if the light had gone out.

This edifice was erected in the reign of Louis the fourteenth, when all the arts and sciences, as the French express themselves, were ready to run at his command. On the floor of the upper story there

there is a line of brass upon the pavement, which is the meridian that was afterwards continued to the south of France by a succession of trigonometrical operations, and even into Spain itself. The observatory being now in a ruinous condition, and the apartments, where the best instruments were kept, absolutely fallen into rubbish, I could hear of no instruments that are still retained, except one mural quadrant, which Mr. *Jeaurat* shewed me in his own apartment. Its radius is no more than four feet, and, instead of a Nonius-plate

plate for the subdivisions of the arc, it has only the plain diagonal lines, with a screw, which works at the index, to distinguish the single minutes. There are instruments at Paris, made, as I am informed, by Mr. Bird, of the best modern construction; but they are not found at the Observatory. I could not help boasting of the flourishing state of astronomy in our university of Oxford, whose new Observatory is more completely and sumptuously furnished than any other in the world, and will rather be improving in years

to come, as we have reason to hope, than falling into ruin. The day after I had been at the Observatory, I was telling a learned person that I had seen it: to which he answered only in these two words—*vidisti rudera!*

ST. GENE-

ST. GENEVIEVE and DR. COU-
RAYER.

Monfieur *Affeline*, the Hebrew professor, did me the honour of introducing me to the canons of St. *Genevieve*, for a fight of their curious library ; and it happened that fome other company were going through it at the fame time, to whom we joined ourfelves. This library is a grand room in the form of a crofs, about three hundred feet in length and breadth,

C 2

with

with a dome finely painted in the center. Toward the end of one of the arms of the cross, a door opens into a range of apartments, which are furnished with antiquities and natural curiosities. The collection of minerals and fossils is very considerable. Among the extraneous fossils there was a pileated echinus of crystal, a curious and elegant specimen; also some very fine articulated *vertebrae* of the *cornu ammonis*; they consist of a sparry substance which filled the chambers of the shell, and took all the elegant minute flexures of them,

them, while the substance of the shell itself is dissolved and perished. We have the like in *Oxfordshire*, and I have found of them in *Northamptonshire*: but the samples in this collection were larger and fairer than any I have seen in England; and, what is very remarkable, there is a cockle-shell sticking in the spar of one of the largest *vertebræ*. How it could come to pass, that the testaceous substance of the *cornu ammonis* should perish, where the substance of the cockle-shell was preserved, is more than I can explain or conjecture.

Amongst the *rarities*, there is the skeleton of a man dried in the sands of Africa, with all the muscles complete and exactly preserved: there is likewise a good portrait picture of stone, in exceeding small *tesseræ* of mosaie work.

In a cabinet of coins, there are some extraordinary relics of antiquity; a Roman *assis*, and a square brass plate of the weight of four *assis*, with the figure of an ox upon it. In some of the divisions of this repository, there are a multitude of dies of steel, made at *Padoua*, for the striking of counterfeit

feit Roman coins. The senior canon, who exhibited the collection, took some of them in his hand to shew me, and told me, with a very significant look, that these dies were made for striking the Roman coins that fill the cabinets in England.

While we were engaged with this part of the collection, some of the gentlemen present questioned me about father *Courayer*, whether he was still alive in *England*? I made answer, that as I had heard nothing to the contrary, I supposed it possible for him to be

still living, but in extreme old age; the late archbishop *Secker*, some little time before his death, having informed me that he then dwelt in privacy at *Ealing*, or some little village near to London: and I find I was right in my conjecture; he was then alive; but died about a month after my return from *France*, at ninety-five years of age, in *Downing-street, Westminster*. The said father *Courayer*, was himself once a canon of *St. Genewieve*, who came over to England, and wrote a defence of the English ordinations in the French
lan-

language, maintaining the succession of the English episcopacy against all the objections from the church of *Rome*. His book made a great noise at the time; it is now in the hands of many curious people, and has never been refuted.

I have been so fortunate as to collect several anecdotes concerning this extraordinary person, from a worthy gentleman who lived in intimacy with him for several years*; and I shall beg leave to interrupt, for a while, the thread

* James Smyth, Esq. of Upper Grosvenor-street.

of my narrative by inserting them in this place.

He was born at *Rouen* in the year 1681. When he was a canon-regular and librarian at the church of *St. Genevieve*, he applied to archbishop *Wake* for the resolution of some doubts, concerning the episcopal succession in *England*, and the validity of our ordinations; being encouraged thereto by the friendly correspondence which had passed between the archbishop and the late Dr. *Du Pin* of the *Sorbonne*. The archbishop sent him exact copies of the proper records, attested

attested by a notary public; and on these he built his defence of the English ordinations, which was published in *Holland* in the year 1727. For this book the university of *Oxford* gave him a doctor's degree: and, I am informed, there is a Latin speech, preserved at *Oxford*, which he either sent or spoke, in return for the honour conferred upon him. The original papers, which the archbishop sent over to *Courayer*, together with several letters which passed concerning the terms of a projected reconciliation between
the

the churches of *France* and *England*, are extant in private hands *,

* They are now in the possession of the reverend *Osmund Beauvoir*, master of the King's school at *Canterbury*, whose father was concerned with archbishop *Wike* in the correspondence. The author of *The Confessional*, who took up his pen with the pious purpose of making rogues and hypocrites of all the best men, that have adorned this church, since the reformation, falls foul upon the memory of the archbishop for his charitable treaty with the divines of the *Sorbonne*, as if he had formed a scheme for yielding up the protestant doctrines to the church of *Rome*: though this whole affair, on the part of the archbishop, was conducted with all possible fidelity and resolution, such as will do him honour with the latest posterity. The reader may see him well vindicated against the

and some of them are published in the *Biographia Britannica* *.

The cardinal *De Noailles*, being highly offended with the book, the marshal *De Noailles*, his brother, endeavoured to pacify him and restore *Courayer* to his favour; but without success. While the danger of a prosecution, or rather a persecution, was depending, it was thought most advisable that he should take refuge in *England*: but he was in so little haste on this

the malicious aspersions of that author, in *Dr. Ridley's* first Letter, p. 86. &c.

* See the Life of Archbishop *Wake*.

occasion, that he made a slow journey to *Calais* in a stage coach, and was detained there some time by a contrary wind, so that he might easily have been apprehended. However, he got safe to *England*, where he was well received: but he complained to archbishop *Wake*, that it was a bad country for a religious man to reside in, on account of the unhappy differences in religion, by which mutual charity is destroyed, and the liberty which many take of blaspheming against the doctrines of christianity, and corrupting the minds of the people. The
marquis

marquis of *Blandford* soon made him a present of fifty pounds by the hands of [*Nicholas Mann, Esq.* who was afterwards master of the Charter-house. With some difficulty he obtained a pension of one hundred pounds a year from the court; and having translated father *Paul's History of the Council of Trent* into French, he dedicated it to queen *Caroline*, who increased his pension to two hundred pounds; and, by the sale of the work he raised fifteen hundred pounds more. He gave sixteen hundred pounds to lord *Feversham* for

for an annuity of one hundred pounds *per annum*, which he enjoyed for fifty years. Thus he rose, by degrees, to very easy circumstances, which were made still more so by the reception which his agreeable and edifying conversation procured him among great people, with many of whom it was his custom to live for several months at a time. He was occasionally generous to some of his relations in France. He had two sisters who were nuns; and to this day has a brother living at *Paris* in the profession of the law,

to

to whom he gave a handsome gold snuff-box, which had been presented to him by queen *Caroline*. His works were many, and all in French. He translated *Sleidan's* History of the Reformation; and wrote a second defence in support of his first, against the arguments of the Jesuits, father *Harduin*, cardinal *Tencin*, &c. In discoursing about religious subjects, he was reserved and cautious, avoiding controversy as much as possible. He never had any good opinion of *Bower*, who came over hither to write his History of the

Popes : he accused him of pretending to collect from books which he had never seen ; and said he was a dark mysterious man, of a very suspicious character. He was taken ill on *Tuesday* the 15th day of *October*, and died on the *Thursday* following ; sinking naturally under the burden of his years, which were far beyond the common age of man. He declares in his will that he dies a catholic, but not according to all the modern doctrines of the church of *Rome*. Soon after his retirement to England he went to a priest, of the

Romish

Romish church, for confession, and told him who he was. The priest dared not take his confession, because he was excommunicated; but advised him to consult his Superior of St. *Genevieve*. What was the issue of this application, we know not; but it is certain that, when in London, he made it his practice to go to mass; and, when in the country at *Ealing*, he constantly attended the service of the parish church, declaring, at all times, that he had great satisfaction in the prayers of the church of England. The *Jesuits*

were his worst enemies; yet when that order was suppressed, his great humanity lamented the fate of many poor men, who were thrown out of their bread, and cast, in a helpless state, upon the wide world. At his own desire he was buried in the cloyster of *Westminster* abbey, by Dr. *Bell*, chaplain to the princess *Amelia*. He left 500*l.* to St. *Martin's* parish, and 200*l.* to the parish of St. *Margaret's, Westminster*, in which he died; with many other private legacies to his friends in *England*.

The

The reader, I hope, will pardon this digression, and return with me to the museum of St. *Genevieve*, in which there are many curiosities besides those already mentioned; particularly the head of *Cartouche* the highwayman, exactly taken in plaister of *Paris*, the most politic and adventurous captain of banditti that ever the world produced; but all his adventures and escapes *, at length,

* This famous robber was concealed at an inn in France, to which a party of dragoons came in quest of him. He put on the dress of a priest, introduced himself into their company, dined and drank with

ended upon the wheel. There was one small cabinet containing the extraneous fossils of France, of which I would willingly have seen more than I did ; but was fear-

them, and talked upon the affair of *Cartouche* : but, before they rose from table, he took an opportunity to slip into the stable, and throw off his habit ; then, cutting the girths of all the other horses, he mounted himself upon the best of them, and, as he rode off, gave an alarm of *Cartouche*. The dragoons ran out to take horse ; but when they put their feet into the stirrups, their saddles turned round, and the delay and confusion, which interfered before they could enter upon the pursuit, gave him an opportunity of escaping for that time.

ful

ful of trespassing too long upon the patience of the gentlemen, who had already given themselves a great deal of trouble.

Amongst the company that attended in this circuit, there was a young gentleman from the south of *France*, who seemed to be about five and twenty years of age, and was in the habit of an ecclesiastic. His person was handsome and graceful; his address polite and friendly; he spoke *Latin* fluently and correctly; he was familiar with all the branches of natural history; and spoke with critical

D 4 judg-

judgment upon every specimen that occurred of the minerals and fossils. Before we left the library, he told me he was a stranger at *Paris* as well as myself; that he had many other places to visit, and should be glad to meet me at any of them. Nothing could be more agreeable to me than such a proposal; being sensible of how great advantage it would be to myself, to examine any thing curious in the company of a person, so capable of improving every opportunity of this kind, by his own learned observations. Monsieur
d'Aubenton.

d'Aubenton had favoured me with a note, informing me that I might see the king's cabinet the next day, an hour before noon. When he had promised to meet me there, we left the library, and retired to our respective parts of the city.

The society of *St. Genevieve* is one of the richest in *France*. They are, at this time, building a magnificent new church, the length of which is above three hundred and fifty English feet : it has been in hand twenty years, and it will
be

be ten more before it is finished. The design is after the best models of Grecian architecture. The Corinthian pillars of the peristyle are exceedingly fine, and above five feet and a half in diameter. It surprised me very much to see the stone of these columns look nearly as fair and as white as writing paper, while the foliage of the capitals seems almost as thin. A building preserving such a complexion, in the midst of a large and populous city, is a certain proof that the air of Paris is not troubled

troubled with those sooty exhalations, the effects of which are so soon visible on all the buildings of stone erected at London.

A TRADER

A TRADER in VERTU.

The next morning, about breakfast time, I was enquired after by a person, whom I remembered to have seen, the day before, in one of the rooms of the library of St. Genevieve, and took him for a gentleman of curiosity, who came there to look about him. He told me he had met me there the day before, and had brought some curious things to shew me. I found he was an artist, who trad-
ed

ed in these articles, and had many of them to dispose of. He shewed me a pair of sleeve-buttons, set with four pieces of ambar, each of which had a small beetle, or spider, or fly, in it, most exquisitely preserved. He had likewise a set of coat-buttons, in which was the like ambar, every piece of it with a perfect insect, and some of them very beautiful. For these latter he asked at the rate of a guinea for each; for the sleeve-buttons a guinea and half. He had besides, many pebbles of ambar to dispose of, inclosing store of insects: one specimen

Specimen of which I purchased of him for a French crown, with several very perfect flies and gnats in it, and brought it with me to England. From the cheapness of all these commodities, I strongly suspected that the ambar, in all of them, was counterfeit, and so does every person to whom I have mentioned this circumstance: but, if it is a counterfeit, the composition has so many of the properties of ambar, that I have not been able as yet to detect it, by any trials I have made upon it. *Ambar* is found in *France*, in the cliffs of
Aix,

Aix, in *Provence*, and upon the sea shore at *Marseilles*; whether it is found in such plenty as to afford us such curious specimens at so low a price, is the question to be determined.

The

The KING'S CABINET.

The king's cabinet is a sort of pavilion, at the entrance of the Royal Botanical Garden. It would be superfluous to enter upon a particular description of it, now the articles of natural history are so much better understood than they used to be, and the prime collections of England so much increased of late years. The chief excellence of this collection consists in the admirable order with which
the

the numerous articles are titled, classed, disposed, and shewn to the best advantage, so that the position of one does not intercept the position of another. The corallines are remarkably fine; the varieties of minerals, gems, and precious stones, too abundant for description; the extraneous fossils have many capital specimens, particularly of the various kinds of *nautili* and *cornua ammonis*. The *belemnite* is here understood to be the appendage of a shell, like the spines of the *echinus*: but it has no affinity to them in any one respect,

and there is little doubt to be made that it is a sheath, *sui generis*, inclosing a shell of the kind called *orthoceratites*, and related, not to the *nautilus*, but to the *cornu ammonis*. The samples of this fossil body were but indifferent. There is one *nautilus* of an uncommon size and figure: it is two feet and half in diameter, and not ribbed on the outside, but foliated, as the *cornu ammonis* sometimes is, when the flexures of the diaphragms appear on the surface. There is also a *nautilus Græcorum* in flint; and some very fine masses of shells attached
to

to flints. But what is most remarkable of all, is the hand of a woman petrified, and of the colour of the turquoise stone, which is petrified ivory. It is reported to have been dug up in a church-yard; but the history of it did not seem to be well ascertained. I never met with any relics of the human body like this, except two human teeth in my own possession, which are well preserved, and of the colour of the turquoise, which is a Saxon green. I cannot give their history, farther than that I found them in the collection of a person

E 2 deceased,

deceased, among several other fossile bodies, which were extracted from gravel-pits on the borders of Leicestershire.

In the apartments furnished with dried animals, from all parts of the world, there were some newly discovered and most elegant birds, with a specimen of the *horned viper*, &c. which were communicated by Mr. *Bruce*, a late traveller, who is a native of Scotland. Two learned gentlemen were present in the rooms, one of whom I supposed to be Monsieur *Buffon*, the celebrated naturalist, &c. who
was

was so obliging as to answer several of my questions about the fossil bodies, and spoke with me either in *English*, *Latin*, or *French*. When we were examining some of Mr. *Bruce's* birds, the other gentleman complained that this ingenious traveller did not seem to be accepted in England according to his merits; as if some groundless jealousy had excluded him from the rank he ought to hold, as a virtuoso and natural historian; but that they had a very high opinion of him at Paris. I had no other way of accounting for this, than by

supposing that Mr. Bruce had offered himself at an unfavourable time, when the public curiosity had been exhausted, and almost jaded, by the late accounts from the South Seas. I could not help adding, that it was much to be lamented, if faction and jealousy could be supposed to have taken place among men of science and curiosity, all of whom have an equal right to the gratitude of the public, when they add any thing to the common stock. It would ill become me to interfere as a moderator in such nice matters, especially

especially when I am not master of the merits of the cause : but I have heard, since I returned to England, that the people, on this side of the water, thought Mr. *Bruce* had scarcely done justice to his own country, when he delivered up some of his prime curiosities to enrich the collection of the French king.

When I had examined the contents of the Royal Cabinet, as far as the time would allow, I descended to the Botanical Garden ; but as the day was showery and unpleasant, we could catch but a

short interval in a place, where I could have spent much more of my time very agreeably, and should certainly have done so, had it not been too remote from the quarter in which we resided. I applied myself chiefly to examine the rare plants which are natives of *France*, and which are ranged together not far from the green-house : but the weather would permit me to take no more than a cursory view of them. Tribes of exotics are to be seen in all places; too many of which have neither use nor beauty to recommend them, nothing
but

but mere novelty, variety, and expence of culture. Wherever a botanist is, the plants *of the soil* will, of course, be, at that time, the first objects of his attention.

It was probably owing to the unfavourableness of the weather, that the young ecclesiastic, whom I had seen at St. Genevieve, did not meet me according to his intention. This was a great disappointment to me ; and I have reason to think the reader loses something by it, which might have rendered this account more valuable. When I returned to some
of

of my friends, who honoured me that day with their company, I described this gentleman to them; not without lamenting my own misfortune, in having met with a person of such extensive knowledge, and amiable qualifications, only to be without the hope of seeing him any more in this world.

Mis-

MISTAKES of TRAVELLERS.

When we hear of things we have never seen, we are easily imposed upon by trusting to the flying evidence of common report: and when we see what we never saw before, we are very apt to take a matter wrong. Many errors become current and popular on these principles, where there is, perhaps, not the least intention of deceiving in those who set them adrift. I had been informed,

formed, before I went into *France*, that from the daily, or rather nightly, instances of robbery and murder on the *Pont Neuf*, there was a grate placed across the stream, in a certain part of the river *Seine*, with a design to stop those dead bodies, which are thrown over into the water, to prevent discovery. When I enquired, of our French attendant, what ground there was for such a story, he held up his hands with astonishment, assuring me, he had walked over that bridge, for some years, at all hours of the night, and never saw

or

or heard of such an accident. Strangers, however, are cautioned, with some reason, against walking in the streets of *Paris* late at night: if they go on foot, they should avoid going too near the side, where ill-designing people, who wait at the end of little bye alleys, have an opportunity of whipping them through the body with a small sword as they pass along, and of snatching them out of the way to be plundered and stripped. I was told of an English young gentleman, who was at a coffee-house at *Paris*, very handsomely

Somely dressed, with rich cloaths
 and diamond buckles in his shoes.
 The mistress of the coffee-house
 desired a friend, who was with
 him, to give him an hint of the
 danger he might be in from some
 suspicious people then in the
 coffee-house, if he should venture
 to go home on foot by himself in
 the night; advising him, at the
 same time, either to go with com-
 pany or to take a coach: but he
 made light of it, alledging that he
 had gone safe many times, and
 should think no precautions neces-
 sary. His friend, who, with good
 reason,

reason, apprehended danger from his rashness, went the next morning to the area, where bodies are exposed which die by casualty in the streets, and there he found him lying dead and stripped naked, with the mortal wound of a small sword in his side. It is to be suspected, that strangers, who are strolling in the night, either at *London* or *Paris*, perish through their own imprudence, much oftener than we are aware of, by following ill women, whose business it is to draw them into private houses, where the ruffians, with whom

whom they are in league, are ready to plunder and destroy them. Let all those, who would escape such wild beasts, of either sex, as go about seeking whom they may devour, avoid both the ways and the works of *darkness*.

In three instances of which I took particular notice, I found myself very much out of luck, by judging too hastily of what I saw. A French countess was sitting at the window of her dressing-room, under the hands of her waiting woman, and by her side one of her footmen was standing, with his
arms

arms folded, perfectly free and easy, as if he had access, when he pleased, to his lady's dressing-room, there to spend as much of his time as he thought proper, and leave the work of the house to shift for itself. So it appeared to me; and I could not but conclude that the French ladies were very easy of access, and not at all delicate in the choice of their company. But, on more mature observation, the figure I took for a footman, proved to be a professed hair-dresser, and the waiting-woman was the scholar, taking a

lecture from the professor, who stood by delivering his instructions. However, I will not retract the judgment I had so hastily passed, without reserving thus much of it, that the ladies of this age, both in France and England, put themselves into the hands of the other sex, with much less scruple than their grandmothers did.

At another time I formed a very wrong judgment on the road, between *Cambray* and *Paris*. At a house of entertainment, in a town where we changed horses, some very handsome females made their
appear-

appearance, one of whom, in particular, was elegantly dressed and powdered, and displayed such superior beauty, at a window, that I pronounced her to be English. But of what country soever she might be, I was clearly of opinion she was part of the furniture of the house. Some time afterwards, I accused myself for this groundless suspicion, when it appeared she was an English young lady of quality, on the road to Paris, who occurred to us there among the best company, and left France

about the same time with ourselves.

On a third occasion, I made an unhappy mistake in the cell of a monk. The walls were furnished with several prints, some of which were sacred : but I espied one of a convivial turn, which seemed rather calculated for the dressing-room of a profligate ; and I mentioned this, as a strange thing, in a letter to *England*. On a second visit to the same cell, when I took a nearer view of the same pictures, I found a series of tolerably good prints, expressing the whole history

tory of the Prodigal Son in the gospel: and the print, which had given me offence, was that which represented him in his worst state, revelling and rioting in the company of harlots. I was very glad to clear this civil monk of the suspicions I had harboured concerning his want of judgment; and, at the same time, very well entertained with observing the peculiar style, in which this evangelical history of the prodigal was represented. The whole was after the French mode, from the beginning to the end. In the first picture,

the prodigal takes leave of his father's house, in the dress of a French marquis; and his valet appears, mounted on horseback, in a pig-tail wig, riding off with the portmanteau behind him; as if the whole had been transacted within the environs of Paris. This humour, of turning a prodigal Jew into a French marquis, does not come up to what I saw once in another French picture, which exhibits an appearance of heaven itself, with angels kneeling at their devotions on cushions embroidered with the arms of France.

MAN-

MANNERS of the FRENCH.

I met with so much civility, on several occasions, from the French, that if it were in my power to describe them under any disadvantage, it would be ungrateful to make use of the opportunity: and besides, all people, upon the face of the earth, have a common claim upon us to be made the best of. My continuance among them was likewise so short, that, if I should

presume to pass any very critical sentence, it might be retorted upon me with some justice, "*This man came to sojourn, and he will needs be a judge.*" Therefore, omitting that judgment, which I am not qualified to give, I shall mention, only in the way of facts, some few things respecting their manners and their religion.

Every stranger, who converses with the French people, especially those of the upper class, will discover great vivacity of temper, under all the regulations of good breeding and civility. A French
gentle-

gentleman makes a point of it not to talk loudly and hastily upon any occasion; because the loudness of the voice is offensive to the hearer, and adds nothing to the sense or meaning of the speaker. The overbearing earnestness, with which some people are indecently moved in company, is reckoned exceedingly ungentle, the certain mark of a vulgar mind; the best breeding, on all occasions, consisting in a certain serenity and equality of carriage, which is supposed to distinguish persons of the highest rank, who are set above the storms
and

and tempests, which little minds are exposed to, in a lower region. If any thing is *wrong*, a Frenchman avoids the harshness of positive censure, and only says, it is *not right* : if any thing stinks, he says, it has *not* a good smell : if a lady looks cross, and behaves ill, he says of her, *elle n'a pas l'air fort agréable*, her carriage is not very pleasant. The French have such a command of themselves, that they can be deep in business, and throw it all off when occasion requires, to assume gaiety and mirth in the place of it. Instead of being

ing out of humour with themselves, and their situation, and the world, they think themselves the happiest people upon earth ; and, when the business of the day is over, they meet, either by the light of the sun or the light of the moon, to enjoy themselves, in large parties, with music and dancing, and every harmless social recreation. The Frenchman sings in every state of life, either to signify his mirth, or dissipate his sorrow. A French barber, who was waiting upon an English gentleman, communicated to him a secret,

secret, which he had, for driving away the cares of the world when they invaded him. His method was, to tickle himself under the ribs till he laughed, and to cheer up himself in the operation with the words, *ris donc coquin*, “laugh, you rogue.” This national cheerfulness of temper may arise, in some degree, from the lightness of their diet, which does not oppress the mind with gross and melancholy fumes : and there is probably something in the air and climate, which contributes to give them a lighter heart than is found

in

in their neighbours of England; because there is a sensible difference of disposition, even in the different parts of France itself. A learned gentleman, who has the government of one of the colleges at *Paris*, assured me, he had found, after long experience, more wild-fire in the lads who come from the south of France, more of what he called the *high fever of youth*, than of those who are born in the northern provinces. With all the vivacity and good humour of the French, there is found great quickness of resentment, and a false estimation

mation of the point of honour, which is valued exceedingly beyond its worth, as a ruling principle in the gentry, and especially in the military. The lower order of the people trust more to the sword than to the fist, and even their barbers, and others of the same quality, understand fencing very well: whence it comes to pass, that an Englishman, who is under size, is often found an overmatch for an able bodied Frenchman, when the sword is out of the question.

RELI-

RELIGION of the FRENCH.

A candid protestant, who observes the French in matters of religion, will discover two very different sorts of christianity among them. In the conversation of men of learning and liberality, tenderness of mind, and purity of character, he will see that species of religion which was found in the devout and humble *Pascal*. For grosser minds, he will find a religion abounding with pomp, grandeur,

deur, and festivity, to captivate the senses, and secure the admiration of the vulgar. When he is witness to the celebration of the mass, he will be struck with the sight of embroidered priests, the splendor of wax lights, the tinkling of bells, the waving of incense, the bumping noise of leathern serpents. He will see a large company of priests, sometimes marching up the steps of the altar in a rank, then marching down again with the like form, without any apparent meaning; then, placing themselves in file, with as little mean-

meaning as before; then walking round in procession, with the lighted candles; then going off to a side isle, then coming back again: and all this while he knows not how to account for any of their evolutions. While he admires the beauty of their sacred buildings, and the rich ornaments with which they abound, he will be disgusted with the honour which is paid to the Virgin Mary: he will see her in large and in small, in painting, in sculpture, in wood, and in marble, in brass and in silver, and sometimes dressed up with

petticoats and jewels, and garlands of flowers like a child's doll. Her character will be obtruded upon him every where, and appear, with such superior dignity, as if our Saviour were still in his infancy.

He will see pieces of painting in the churches, hung up, as monuments, to commemorate certain miracles that were wrought, at the instance of prayers offered to some of the Romish saints*. The

* This custom spoils the beauty of several *Roman catholic* churches, and often covers the walls with wretched daubings, imper-

disposition, in the common people, to believe and propagate the report of miraculous cures, &c. has sometimes arisen to such a height, as to provoke much censure of serious and sensible persons of their own communion. The shrine of St. *Denys* was once resorted to with so much superstition, that the royal authority interposed to put a stop to it by walling up the shrine: which gave such

impertinent inscriptions, hands, legs, and arms of wax, with a thousand idle offerings of the same nature. *Addison's Travels*, p. 22.

offence to some, that the procedure was libelled in the following epigram written on the wall :

*De par le roy defense au Dieu,
De faire miracles dans ce lieu.*

Yet, with all this propensity to superstition, he will see, on the part of the people, great attention to their public worship, and the most affectionate reverence toward the persons of their clergy : this is inculcated so early, that, I have seen in their churches, boys of ten or a dozen years of age, kneeling by the side of the chair, and confessing

felling themselves to their priest.
 For the use of their congregations,
 the same sort of chairs, that are
 disposed in the public walks, are
 distributed all over the pavement
 of their churches ; none of which
 have either pews or galleries ; and
 when the public service is over,
 they are piled together out of the
 way. By means of this regulation,
 the interior view of their churches
 is always grand and open ; and the
 people, in their worship, being
 exposed to general observation, can
 neither misbehave themselves nor
 go to sleep.

The common people have such a regard to public worship in their churches, that carmen will frequently leave their carriages in the street, while they step in to join some congregation who are hearing mass. If a labouring person has an interval of leisure, he will rather spend his time in a church than stand idle in the street: whereas, it is well known, that beggars, in London, will sit freezing on the steps at a church-door, in the time of divine service, rather than take shelter within it. In some characters, this habit of devotion is retained

tained, even where there is a degree of profligacy mixt with it. A poor woman, who got her living by hawking about printed papers, called for a sheet at the printer's, which was not finished. She called again, and was again disappointed. At last, after several fruitless enquiries, being wearied out with dancing backwards and forwards, " Here, says she, have I been, and heard five masses, and this d---l is not done yet! "

The FRENCH GOVERNMENT and POLICE.

Having a desire to get some knowledge of the constitution of the French government, I enquired of a learned friend how the proper information could be obtained, and what books they had for this purpose? In answer to this enquiry, I was informed, that the only sure method was to consult the ordonances and arrets of the kingdom. But this seemed a very tedious

tedious course for a stranger, who wishes for a compendious view, to satisfy his curiosity. One would think there must be vast work for the lawyers, by the numbers which appear, in the habit of that profession, in the streets and places of public resort at *Paris*. So far as I have been able to inform myself, by reading and conversation, the distribution of public justice, and the deciding of all affairs relating to property, is a matter seldom drawn out into any length of time, and which, therefore, cannot put the litigants
to

to those enormous expences, which are necessarily incurred; where the proceedings are tedious, and the way is left open for vexatious appeals from one court to another.

For all ordinary complaints of injury, extortion, and fraud, there are commissaries *pour la police*, equivalent to our justices of the peace, of whom there are forty-eight distributed in the different parts of the city of *Paris*. Strangers, as well as natives, may prefer their complaint, by first depositing a little more than half a crown English. Besides these, there is
one

one principal magistrate, called the *Lieutenant of the Police*, who determines upon complaints in a summary way, and renders what they call *une bonne et prompte justice*.

For all that is judicial, in matters of trade, the navigation of the *Seine*, the importation and sale of provisions, &c. there is a Provost, with four Sheriffs under him, who constitute the office of the *Hotel de ville*, or lord mayor's mansion-house, or *Guildhall of Paris*: and these have the charge of all public edifices, public celebrities, poll-taxes, and
city

city rents. The *Greve*, which is the spot for public execution, is an area near the river, before the Hotel de Ville. The court of judicature, under this magistrate, is called the *Chatelet*, in which there are several departments allotted to the hearing of different sorts of causes.

The first, or civil department, is that of the *Prevoté*, or provostship, in which such causes are determined as relate to the state, quality, and rights of persons. The second court is the *Presidial*, which receives appeals from the sentences

sentences given by the judges of the *Chatelet*. The third is the *Chambre civile*, which takes cognizance of all payments of money, such as rents, wages, pensions for maintenance, distresses and executions on goods and chattels, which causes are all of such a nature as to require dispatch. The last is the *Chambre criminelle*; which judges in all such criminal causes as come before our sessions at the *Old Bailey*.

The officers of this great court are the Provost and his Lieutenant-civil, the Lieutenant-general of the Police,

Police, two special Lieutenants, above fifty Counsellors, four of the King's Counsellors, and an Attorney-general. All these are within the court. Others, who act without it, are the forty-eight Commissaries above mentioned, an hundred and thirty Notaries, and about two hundred and thirty Attornies. From the comprehensive practice of the Chatelet, their system of judicature seems to lie in a small compass, which renders the whole more easy to be understood.

The Lieutenant-criminal of the short robe, who is also an officer
of

of the Chatelet, takes cognizance of all crimes committed by vagabonds, incendiaries, rioters, highway robbers; and his judgment is without appeal. He has under him a company of archers, horse-patrole, or *marechaussée*, commanded by officers of the guard, who are always in readiness for the pursuing and apprehending of felons: and the police of France is so strict, their people so well classed, regulated, and looked after, and their ports in the towns so well guarded, that criminals rarely escape; and their execu-

Executions are very severe. With all these difficulties and discouragements there are fewer malefactors, and consequently there is more peace, and less interruption, in all the affairs of social life, than where justice is slow, expensive, and uncertain; which, if it happens in criminal causes, respecting the life and property of the subject, is one of the most dreadful evils that can befall any community, and, so far as it extends, amounts to a dissolution of society.

The other great towns of *France* are regulated in like form, by a
Lieu-

Lieutenant of the Police, with Commissaries or Town-majors, who, if I mistake not, wear an uniform to distinguish them as officers of the king; and they have their Hotel de Ville, with their *mareschausée* established under a Commandant or *Lieutenant-criminel*.

I am sensible that the general idea, which I have here given, is very imperfect: all I intend is, to throw out such hints as may serve for the ground of a farther enquiry. My intelligence does not enable me to shew how far the king interferes in the course of

justice, nor to mark the limitations of law which secure the property of the subject under the prerogatives of the crown. In England a subject can go to law with the crown, and defend all claims of property against the king as against another person: and I take this to be one of the essential distinctions between the two constitutions.

The nobility, clergy, and commons of *France*, had once a considerable check upon the power of the king: but the French monarchy became absolute by the management of the cardinals *Richelieu* and

and *Mazarin*. There was a time, when no matters of importance, in the state, could be resolved upon without the consent of the parliament of *Paris*: but, since the time of *Louis* the XIVth, it has acted chiefly as a court of justice in matters of treason, &c. and gives no advice in affairs of state, but when it is required by the king.

The RELATION between FRANCE
and ENGLAND.

There is a doctrine propagated amongst us in *England*, that the French are our *natural enemies*: whence it is to be inferred, that their strength is our weakness, their riches our poverty, their distress our prosperity, their ruin our triumph: but, I hope, a doctrine so inhuman is without foundation on either side. It is very true, the two nations have often been inflamed

flamed with mutual jealousy and competition, and their disputes have been very inveterate: but this is frequently the case with two brothers, who forget their natural alliance, and are blind to their mutual interests. It is still a mystery to me, on what principles the enmity is supposed to be *natural*. Is it because the French wish to make a province of us? It is wise in every nation to suppose the worst, and to be upon their guard; and therefore such a notion ought never to be laid aside by the people of England: but if the French

know the English as well as they have reason to do, they will not expect much more amusement, from such an attempt, than from kicking against a faggot of thorns, or taking a thistle into their mouths. Nothing but our own divisions can so far weaken us, as to tempt the *French* to make a prey of us; and, in that case, our worst enemies would be found at home; in those who have been propagating such seditious principles, as are subversive of that unity, that common attachment to government, in which the strength
of

of every nation consists. But perhaps it may arise from our difference in religion. If so, why does not a greater difference in religion divide us from the *Portuguese*, who yet are our very good friends and allies, with whom we are always ready to maintain a mutual traffic, which tends greatly to the benefit of both nations? Is it from the different constitution of their government? why then does not as great a difference divide us from the republican states of *Holland*? But there is liberty in *Holland*, and arbitrary power in

France: I question whether the difference will hold: republican magistrates are as oppressive, and as jealous of their power, as any officers whatsoever in a monarchical state. A Dutch governor, in their plantations, assumes as much state and majesty, within the sphere of his jurisdiction, as any monarch in Europe. When *Rome* was in its republican form, the persons of their consuls might be dragged to prison, while the person of a feditious tribune was too sacred to be touched. But perhaps it may depend on this consideration, that

they

they are enemies to a protestant
 succession upon the throne of Eng-
 land, and have given protection to
 an exiled family, whom they wish
 to see restored. How far their in-
 clinations, in this respect, have
 been manifested, by the vigour of
 their proceedings, in time past,
 I leave others to consider: but, at
 present, I believe they have very
 little hope of this kind, and will
 not have a worse opinion of any
 Englishman for being loyal to the
 government so long established
 amongst us. If so, the old enmity
 need not subsist any longer on this
 prin-

principle. This doctrine of *natural enmity* being a disgrace to both nations, there can be no harm in wishing to see it abolished. *Pax in terris* is the voice of heaven, and the most jealous politician can never suspect us of treachery in wishing to see it verified : especially at this time, when, having many and dangerous, and *unnatural* enemies at a distance, (which are even worse than the *natural*) it would be good for us to find as many friends as we can near at home.

I have heard it observed, by several gentlemen who love their country,

country, and may be thought to understand its interest, that, if it is our wisdom to be at variance with the French, it is our misfortune at the same time. There is no doubt but that a very convenient and profitable trade might be carried on between the two nations, if our manufactures were sent to them in return for their wines, so much more wholesome and agreeable than those pestilential brewings, which are distributed in such profusion, to the disgust of the palate and the detriment of English constitutions.

The

The body natural has a right to be considered and provided for in all political disquisitions. Great numbers of our goods are smuggled over into France, without any benefit to the public in return for them. Some articles may be bought cheaper there than at home; and some five times as dear. There was a time when our steel wares were extremely valued at *Paris*, because they were very scarce: but money will purchase any of them now at a shop near the *Pont Neuf*, which they call by the name of the *Petite Dunkerque*,

kerque, where they make as splendid a figure as in any of the shops of *London* or *Birmingham*. The iron and steel works of France itself, are but of very ordinary stuff and workmanship, so that a sharp knife is a thing scarcely to be met with. If you lend a sharp knife, upon any occasion, to a Frenchman, he no sooner finds the effect of it, but he cries out with admiration, *Ma foi ! comment il coupe ! c'est un couteau Anglois !*

The reader will understand, that the foregoing reflexions arose in my mind while I was at *Paris*,
receiving

receiving many civilities from my friends there; and he will give them as little weight as they deserve.

CHAN-

CHANTILLI.

When our time at Paris was expired, we were obliged, on account of some business in England, to hasten back, as fast as possible, for the passage at *Calais*; and we travelled day and night for this purpose, though with little success. Our road, at this time, was through *Chantilli*, one of the sweetest places in the world, with which every traveller, who has had

had no more than a taste, will wish to be better acquainted, and I hope to be so myself at some other time. At present, my knowledge of it is like the knowledge mankind have of many great and pleasant subjects; which, in this mortal state, we do but half understand: I saw it at midnight, and by moonshine. We arrived at Chantilli exactly at twelve o'clock at night, and were detained near an hour before we could get horses to carry us forward. The moon shone so bright, that I could see the lawns and forests as we came along

along the road: and the night being very fine, I took occasion, from our delay, to leave the carriage, and walk round the castle, to look about the park, where I could only discover enough to make me wish for the day-light. It does not seem to me as if any description upon paper could do justice to *Chantilly*; but if the reader desires to see what may be said, he may consult the first part of the *Almanach Parisien* *.

* There is at Chantilly a collection of fossils, presented to the prince of Condé by the king of Sweden: on the sight of which collection a sensible traveller (see a *Four*

Months Tour through France, vol. i. p. 74.) makes the following remark : “ Small as this collection is, you receive one pleasure from it, which the great apartments of *Bloomsbury* do not give ; I mean the opportunity of reading yourself an explanation of every thing you see, without troubling the person who shews it.—I suppose there is no one, who has ever visited the London Museum, but will confess how highly disagreeable the necessity of incessant questions is : and there are few modest men who have not been content to remain in ignorance of many things, rather than purchase information at such a price. Were slips of paper fixed on or over every curiosity, describing what it is, as in the prince of *Condé’s* cabinet, I should pass through the apartments with much greater pleasure, and should gain more knowledge in the few hours that are allotted, than in visiting it every day for a twelvemonth, with those who are appointed to shew it,

in

in the state it is at present." The same complaint is made by every person who wishes for information : and it is to be hoped the case will soon be considered. Mr. *Lever*, in his valuable *museum*, is proceeding, with all convenient expedition to make every article more useful and entertaining to the public by a particular explanation.

MONTREUIL.

About the middle of the night following we came to a fortified town, and consequently to a *porte fermée*, where we were obliged to wait half an hour in a long dark passage, before the gate was opened : but, as there was no danger, and we slept in the carriage, it signified little whether it was at rest or in motion, but for the loss of time. When any English traveller has occasion to pass the
French

French towns in the night, he should always be careful to save time and expence, by carrying so much small money about him as to have no occasion to apply for change. The French have an opinion, that the English are so habitually extravagant, and in such a violent hurry upon the road, that if some little delay is occasioned, they will rather leave their money behind than stay to recover it. I was so imposed upon here by the Port-officer, and the people at the post-house, on account of the above mentioned omission, that I

threatened at last to go and inform the *Commandant*, that they had stolen my money from me ; which soon brought them to reason : the post people found the change I required, and the Port-officer refunded half the money he had unjustly taken.

BRE-

BRETUEIL.

The road from *Paris* to *Calais*, by way of *Abbeville*, *Montreuil*, and *Boulogne*, is, in several parts of it, dreary beyond expression: the road by *Peronne*, *Bethune*, and *St. Omer's* is far more agreeable: but we take the worse sometimes, instead of the better, for the sake of variety. At the town of *Bre-teuil*, about six posts on this side of *Chantilli*, I looked into the parish

church, in which I found an image that immediately attracted my notice. In the ornamented margins of the old missals and breviaries, the figure of a saint frequently occurs, with two naked children at his feet, in a bathing-tub. A worthy friend of mine, who is well known as an author among the lovers of antiquity, asked me if I knew the name of this saint, and what particular story the picture alluded to? but I could never give him any satisfaction*. Here I found him in stone,

* I had conjectured that it was St. Nicholas,

as big as the life, on the top of an high pedestal, with the tub, and the two children in it, at his feet. When I enquired after his name, of a common person in the parish, I was told it was Saint *Constantius*. But, after all, I find no such name among the *Saints du Mois* of the French kalendar, neither do I know where to have recourse for a farther explanation. When we have started game, though of little value, it is not pleasant to be dis-

scholar, the patron of children and scholars: but I cannot produce any authority that is adequate to the circumstances.

appointed

appointed in the chace : therefore, if any curious person, who is conversant in antiquities, can produce the history alluded to, the writer of these papers will take it as a great favour if he will please to insert in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

CALAIS,

CALAIS.

When we returned to *Calais*, we were detained there by a contrary wind; and I expected little entertainment besides that of wandering upon the pier, to look at *Dover* castle, and admire the elegant Latin verses, which were written by an Englishman in the like circumstances*. But we sometimes find the most where we expect the least. In the *Hotel d'Angleterre* there was a traveller,

* See the *Postscript*, No. IV.

whose

whose character and conversation were so much out of the common way, that I shall always recollect them with pleasure. He was just arrived from England, with three servants, the first English, the second French, the third Italian. His equipage, which was made at *Brussels*, was the best that could be contrived for conveying him through the roads of *France* and *Italy*, with all the conveniences requisite to a traveller. It has been his manner, for some years past, to spend the whole course of the year, as nearly as may be, under

under one equal temperature of the air, as the bird of passage does. With this view, he comes to *England* in the summer, retires to *Paris* in the autumn, and fixes in *Italy* for the winter. My acquaintance with this gentleman was brought on by an argument about the qualities of silk stockings. I, who had never considered the matter critically before, had an opinion that the French were better at the price; but, by appealing to the contents of his own baggage, he soon convinced me that the English goods had the advantage.

advantage in every respect. A few words soon lead to more; as fire spreads from a single spark. Two invalids are seldom long together without comparing notes about their health. His case had been so remarkable, that it was almost a miracle he should be alive and in a travelling condition. The symptoms, as he described them, gave me reason to ask, whether he had not suffered much in a hot climate? In answer to which, I was informed, that he had crossed the line two and twenty times, and the arctic circle six times,

times, before he was thirty years of age. His constitution, in his youth, had been remarkably strong; but, with many severe trials, his digestion failed, his habit was relaxed, and the natural lining of the coats of his stomach was so far abraded by an acrimonious humour, that the orifices of the blood-vessels were exposed, and the aliments were frequently returned tinged with blood. The faculty pronounced it impossible that he should survive half a year: but by the use of *Glass's Magnesia*, which he took in prodigious quantities

trities for a long time, his stomach recovered, his food was retained, and he acquired a degree of health, which, it is to be hoped he may preserve for several years, as he practises daily and inviolably the caution of a valetudinarian*. The discourse led him to make some observations on the

* If I remember the particulars, I think this gentleman occasionally took a composition of magnesia, rhubarb, and laudanum. He had no opinion of the *calcined magnesia*, which, of late, has been so importunately recommended : and I see there are good reasons urged against it in an elegant piece lately published by the learned Dr, *Andrew Wilson*.

nature

nature of *fixt air* (as it is commonly called, though in fact it is rather *unfixt*) and its application in the animal constitution : on which he expatiated so minutely, and with so much judgment, that I perceived he had studied this branch of philosophy with great attention; and I supposed it to be his fort. As he had not met with the late collections on this subject by *Monfieur l'Avouster*, an ingenious and learned chemist of the Academy of Sciences, I took the liberty of recommending that work for his private amusement at *Paris*. As we pro-

ceeded farther, I soon discovered that my new acquaintance was equally critical and judicious in most other subjects ; of which it would be impossible to give a just description by memory ; and now, at the distance of a quarter of a year, I have nothing else to depend upon. In politics, he was deeply informed as to the state of the case between Great Britain and the Colonies : but his conversation was most valuable on account of the many observations he had made upon men and manners. In this capacity he was like another *Ulysses*—*qui mores hominum*

hominum multorum vidit—and having an excellent understanding, had improved every opportunity, so as to have stored his mind with such maxims, as would be of admirable use to those who have seen less of the world than himself, and are willing to know more than they do. I wish I had an hundred of them to recollect, that I might set them down for general use; but I hope he will some time do this himself in a much better manner. I can only produce a few specimens out of many that occurred to me.

He reflected, with a degree of compassion, which showed great superiority of mind, on the unnecessary trouble men give themselves in avenging petty worthless injuries. We are all dreadfully afraid, said he, of being imposed upon, and give ourselves ten times as much uneasiness as a matter is worth, to avoid the appearance of it. The vanity of this humour is one of the greatest plagues of human life. I remember, added he, a remarkable instance of it in myself. I was upon the road near one of the towns in *Italy*, and the master
of

of the post-house, which stood about a mile from the town, was determined to force a number of horses unjustly upon my equipage, and made such a noise about it, that a concourse of people were gathered together to see the issue of the dispute. I argued with the man; but it signified nothing: I grew impatient, and declared I would walk on foot to the governor of the town to complain: but still he was inflexible. I actually set out as I had threatened; but when I had walked part of the way, I began to ask myself what I

was about? I was going to complain of one rogue to another who might be a greater; and, if I should succeed, how much would be saved by it? Two shillings. These reflections soon turned me back again. As I drew near to the inn, where the mob was still assembled, it happened that a priest was riding by upon a mule: he looked very sickly, and with his sickness had all the appearances of poverty. I enquired where he was going? He told me he was on his journey to the mineral waters of a place at some distance:

distance: that the journey was more than he could afford, but there was no other hope of his recovery. I was touched with his case, and gave him a piece of gold. The poor man, in the overflowings of his gratitude, descended from his lean beast, and fell upon his knees to thank me; protesting he would pray for me to the last hour of his life. The people, seeing what had passed, cried out, *Bravo, Signor Inglese!* and the master of the post-house, being now convinced that money had not been the object in my dispute

with him, harnessed four horses instead of six, and mounted himself on one of the foremost to drive me as a postilion. Thus did this affair end as it should do; and I had more satisfaction in giving up the point, than I could possibly have found by succeeding in it. I have seen so much, added he, of that vain disturbance which the mind suffers from its own pride in little things, that I am now above all resentment. Besides, I have sometimes reasoned thus with myself: that the man who injures me without provocation, will never
be

be able to contain himself without injuring others in like manner; some of whom will be sure to pay off my scores, and save me the trouble: and, in the course of my life, I never yet found, but that somebody or other, in due time, revenged my quarrel, far beyond its value, upon that man, whose ill manners and insolence I had patiently neglected.

I took the liberty to suppose, that the bodily infirmities, with which he had been afflicted, might have had some share in reducing him to this happy turn of mind;

few

few men being able, with all their reasonings, to make a proper estimate of the world and its ways, till they have viewed it through this medium. He said, he believed it might be so; and that he felt himself happy in the effect, whatever was the cause of it.

The delicacy due to friendship, was another subject he was fond of dwelling upon. I have always laid it down as a rule, said he, that the same behaviour which procures friendship, is absolutely necessary to the preservation of it. I hate that vulgar familiarity which

which people are so apt to run into, when friendship rises into intimacy. I am so scrupulous in this matter, that I never call my most intimate friends by their surnames. If I make an entertainment, I think my oldest friends are intitled to the first place at my table, and to the best treatment I can give them. The false civility that is current in the world, and is nothing but affectation, judges quite contrary: they neglect their friends to pay all their attention to a stranger, whom they shall never see again; only for the
vanity

vanity of having it said, that they made a good appearance : and so, at last, all the favour was to themselves.

An accomplished person, with whom he was conversant in France, asked him his opinion of the country, and to which of the two nations he would give the preference; whether to the French or to the English ? If I must speak, said he, I think the English have the advantage of you in understanding, but that you make a better use of what you have ; so that with less reason

reason than the English you are a more reasonable people.

He spends much of his time in reading: and there is one work in particular of which he is a very great admirer: this is *Hogarth's* *Analysis of Beauty*; a work that has more original merit, and goes deeper into its subject than any other tract that has been written for these hundred years past. Its principles are so just, so striking, so ingeniously opened and applied, that the whole together gives such a prospect into the works of art, and even the principles of the crea-
tion

tion itself, that it has almost furnished us with a sixth sense. He is so attached to the plan, that he is persuaded it might be carried by analogy to other subjects, such as philosophy, morality, music, rhetoric, poetry ; the grounds of beauty, and the reasons upon which the taste is gratified, being still the same every where. The speculation is extremely ingenious, but I fear it is rather too refined, if it is supposed, that what is called the *Line of Beauty* will bear this accommodation. If it is meant that *variety, propriety, uniformity,* and

and *proportion*, which are undoubtedly the sources of beauty in designing, are transferable to other subjects ; so far the plan will hold, and might be pursued with advantage : but it would require a great deal of skill to manage it with success.

I found him also well acquainted with the present state of natural philosophy, and the reasonings of our great mathematicians upon the subject. The phænomena of the weather had been attended to under the many opportunities afforded him by his voyages and travels :

travels: and he was so obliging as to communicate some valuable observations on this amusing and interesting part of philosophy.

He was free and pleasant in his conversation with the mendicant brother, who applies for charity to the English, as before mentioned. He called him the *Bishop of the hotels of Calais*; and speaking with him about his way of life, "You monks, said he, are a useless sort of people: to what purpose is that idle life of an able bodied man as you are, who might be labouring for his own good and that of

of the public? The friar, not in the least offended, made answer, "I do labour, I am not useless in the world; I labour in prayer, and all the duties of a devout life; and, if I knew what was good for you, I would not fail to pray for it immediately." My friend then turning to me observed that these friars have their use in the world much more than we imagine: they are single men themselves, but their advice, where they have any influence, is always conducive to population. Many of them are confessors; and when they

meet with a libertine who has often confessed his guilt, they never fail to tell him that he can make no satisfaction without marriage. The clergy in a protestant country have no check of this sort upon libertines; whence it is remarked, that we have much more celibacy and much more debauchery among protestants, than they have in most Roman catholic countries.

The judgment he passed on the generality of our young sparks who go abroad from England for education, was so severe that I
will

will not repeat it. I observed to him, that among the nobility and gentry of France, cases of total ruin from gambling, excess of vanity, and debauchery, were much less frequent than in England: indeed they are seldom heard of; how did it happen? For this, said he, there is a very good reason; the youths of genius in this country are stopped in their career, before they have gone such lengths as ours are permitted to do. When it appears that a young man is in the road to ruin, and the authority of his parents is no

L 2

longer

longer sufficient to restrain him in his evil courses, the civil magistrate takes up the cause, and throws him into confinement, where he remains till his sufferings bring him to his senses. He that is hastening with all his might to destroy himself in mind, body, and estate, what is he but a mad-man? He is worse than a lunatic, as the miser is worse than the beggar; the one has no understanding, the other makes use of none. When a young man of two thousand pounds a year spends at the rate of ten, in gambling, equipage,

page, and an hundred other wild schemes of vanity and expence, and in five or six years time comes to beggary and desperation, and shoots himself through the head, the courtesy of a coroner's inquest brings him in a lunatic: but there was as much lunacy in the first step of his conduct as in the last; and if he goes out of the world as a madman now, good policy would have confined him as such six years ago. There is an horrid practice carried on by miscreants, who deserve the worst punishment any state can inflict

upon them; I mean that of lending money at an exorbitant interest to minors; and they advertise openly in the newspapers for this purpose: thus our youths of family are furnished with the means of corruption before they come to years of discretion: a sword is put into their hands, which they are using daily against themselves; and being initiated thus early into all the mysteries of vice and extravagance, the habit of profusion encreases upon them, till they are utterly undone. Sometimes these usurers

lose

lose their money! but it is a scandal to the authority of any country, that justice in such a case should be the work of chance.

On the morning on which I sailed from *Calais* to *Dover*, this gentleman set out for *Paris*; there to stay for a short time, and to remove from thence into *Italy* for the winter. Wherever he is, peace, learning, philosophy, good sense, and politeness are with him. In my visit to *France* many agreeable things occurred to me, many things curious, many useful and instructive; but if my journey had

answered no end but that of throwing me accidentally for two days into the conversation of this Englishman, I should have thought the trouble of it well repaid.

Dec. 24, 1776.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT.

No. I.

AS the following letter, with which I have very lately been favoured by a learned gentleman, gives a more accurate account of some particulars relating to Dr. *Courayer*; I think it will not be unacceptable to the reader, who by this time may possibly find himself interested in the character
and

and history of so remarkable a person.

Dear Sir,

Canterb. Jan. 17, 1777.

The following is according to Dr. Courayer's own account of his Dissertation, &c. He says, the reading Abbé Renaudot's *Memoire sur la Validité des Ordinations des Anglois*, inserted in Abbé Gould's *La véritable Croyance de l'Eglise Catholique*, put him upon an examination into that matter: the *Memoire* which he drew up (for his own satisfaction only) grew insensibly to a little treatise, and at
the

the instance of some friends to whom it was communicated, he was prevailed with to give it to the public; and accordingly made the proper application for permission to print it: but after obtaining the approbation of Mr. *Arnaudin*, dated 1. Oct. 1721. (in which are these words—Il n'a rien dans cette dissertation de contraire à la foi de l'église, et même je suis convaincu que la doctrine contenue dans ce savant et solide ouvrage, peut beaucoup servir à ménager la reunion de l'église Anglicane avec l'église de Rome, qui

qui auroit une consolation parfaite,
 et qui ressentiroit une joye infinie
 de voir rentrer dans son sein une
 eglise, qui a été la mere de tant
 de saints considerables, et qui pos-
 sède encore tant de savans evêques,
 et un si grand nombre des beaux
 esprits, qui cultivent les sciences
 et les belles lettres avec soin et
 avec succès *.——Some persons
 found means to prevail on the
 chancellor to refuse the seal.
 Terms were proposed to him, to

* Dr. C——r, has printed the whole;
 and the original signed *D'Arnaudin* is in
 my possession.

which

which he could not accede, and he gave up all thoughts of publishing. Some of his friends, however, being in possession of a copy, determined to print it: and this obliged him to give it to the world himself. When he first wrote his Treatise, all his materials were taken from printed authorities, and he had no acquaintance or correspondence in *England*. But the difficulties thrown in his way suggested to him the writing to England to gain clearer knowledge in some points: and knowing (as he told me himself) that a correspondence had

had been carried on between Dr. Wake the archbishop of Canterbury and Dr. Dupin, on the project of reuniting the churches of France and England, he took the liberty, although entirely unknown to the archbishop, of writing to him to desire his information respecting some particulars. This application appears to have been made upon the very first apprehension of any difficulty respecting his publication: for the archbishop's first letter to him is dated 16 Sept. 1721. His own acknowledgment to the archbishop he thus expresses —“ Je

—“ Je dois sur tout à my lord archevêque de Cantorbery le glorieux temoignage de n'avoir épargné ni soins ni sollicitations pour me procurer les moyens d'eclaircir ces faits : et ce qui est infiniment plus estimable d'avoir fait paroître dans ses propres recherches un si grand amour pour la verité, et tant d'eloignement pour les moindres meprises, en faveur de son parti, qu'on ne peut trop louer son disinterressement, ses lumieres, et son humanité.” This defence produced several answers, of which father Le Quiou's was the principal ;

pal; and on this the archbishop sent him remarks at large, to the amount of near an hundred pages in folio; and he had the honour of being censured both by the mandates and by the assemblies of several bishops. During this he retired from *Paris* into the country, but was recalled by his Superior to reside at the priory of *Hen-nemont* four leagues from *Paris*. Here he received a *diploma* from the university of *Oxford* for the degree of D. D. dated 28 Aug. 1727, and from hence he returned his thanks to the university in a
 very

very elegant Latin letter dated 1 Dec. 1727; both of which he printed.

Finding that submissions and concessions were absolutely insisted on, to which he could not honestly consent, he resolved to quit *France*; and after spending four months very disagreeably at *Hennemont*, he obtained leave to remove to *Senlis*: but instead of going thither he took the road to *Calais* in the common stage-coach. Here he was detained three days by contrary winds, and from hence he acquainted the abbot of St. Gene-

vieve and some friends of his retreated to England. He had a good passage to *Dover*, and arrived safe in London Jan. 24, 1728.

He published three treatises on this affair.

I. *Dissertation sur la Validité des Ordinations des Anglois etc.* A *Bruxelles*, 1723. 2 vols. 8vo. but it was really printed at *Nancy*.

II. *Defense de la Dissertation.* A *Bruxelles*, 1726. 4 vols. 8vo. This also was printed in *France*.

III. *Relation historique et Apologétique des Sentimens et de la Conduite*

Conduite du P. le Courayer. *Amsterdam*, 1729. 2 vols.

These are all accompanied with the *Preuves justificatives* of every thing advanced in them : the originals of which Dr. Courayer gave to me with all archbishop Wake's letters (above forty) and papers on this subject.

You will make just what use you please of the above, which is principally extracted from his *Relation Historique*.

I am, dear Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Os. BEAUVOIR.

No. II.

A few cursory strictures on Mr. *de Voltaire* having occurred to us in the course of the preceding narrative, it may not be unseasonable here to subjoin some account of a singular publication, which made its appearance just at the time when these papers went to the press. The English translation of this work was put into my hands by a bookseller in town. It contains Memoirs of the Life, Writings,

ings, and Character of the Author of *The Henriade*; and these Memoirs, which are chiefly literary, contain such materials and minute circumstantial, that they must have been compiled by the person himself who is the subject of them; which indeed is plain enough from the style, even in a translation. They are therefore to be considered as a monument erected to the vanity of Mr. *Voltaire* by his own hands. The plan of the work gives him an opportunity of publishing his own praises, and of bespattering the characters of all

his opponents; in which latter work he succeeds so effectually, that we can distinguish little more of them than we should of the postillion, who should ride with the middle pair of six horses through a day's rain in the midst of December. With regard to himself, he is here extolled for his poetry, his philosophy, his taste, his judgment, his learning, his wisdom, his humanity and charity. He is the grand luminary of science, the deity of genius, the favourite of monarchs, the protector of persecuted truth and merit. Thus he thinks

thinks of himself; and thus it seems he has been represented by some of his admirers, (supposing their letters to be genuine) who perhaps knew themselves as little as they knew him. But it might be nearer the truth to say, that he is one of those many worthless things, which the world has elevated to a wondrous height upon a weak foundation; and that there always was more of the meteor than of the luminary in his character.

He boasts much of his eminence in natural philosophy; but the

Abbé Banier shewed how meanly he acquitted himself in that science: and if the reader will please to consult the Abbé's *Examen*, p. 89, &c. he will see, by a very striking example, that Mr. *Voltaire* is in *philosophia minimus*.

His friends and correspondents make a curious figure in the work. One of them, the count de *Bonneval*, who turned renegado and was circumcised in Turkey, says, he "always thought it a matter of indifference to the Deity whether a man was Mahometan, Christian, Jew or Guebre." The gentleman
how-

however cannot be content to leave the matter under this indifference. In what follows, the Mahometan confession is recommended as the purest in the world, and the Christian religion is blasphemed in such words as the translator dare not publish.

Mr. Voltaire's moderation is exemplified in his treatment of *Rousseau*, who is here called a rascal, a scoundrel, a hypocrite, a monster, the offspring of Satan, &c. Such is the delicate language which these refined philosophers publish against one another. When the acquaint-

acquaintance first commenced between Voltaire and Rousseau, they instantly conceived a mutual aversion. Both of them being saturated with vanity, a repulsion took place, as between two bodies overcharged with electricity*.

Mr. *Voltaire* shews his gratitude for the favours he received in England, by the pleasure he appears to take in publishing any thing to the disadvantage of the English nation. He confesses that he drew

* The author, in common with all the *Revisers*, was misled by the English translator, and supposed the person here mentioned to be *Rousseau* the philosopher; whereas it is *Rousseau* the poet,

up a manifesto for the Pretender at the time of the projected descent in 1746; and he has here given us a copy of it; though he owed the foundation of his fortune to the house of Hanover; the princess *Caroline* (as she then was) having raised an immense subscription for his *Henriade*, which was printed pompously in England.

The barbarity of his language in insulting over a dead adversary shews that the man is utterly void of all feeling, and given up to the influences of pride, malice, and revenge. *Mons. Freron* was one of his opponents: where he gives
an

an account of his death, he calls him a *poor devil*, and makes himself merry with his funeral, as one of the drollest things in the world, because he was invited to it. This to be sure was such a singular instance of moderation in the friends of the deceased, that if they had gone one step farther they must have invited the devil.

I have been told of some of his practices in affairs of business by those who received their accounts at first hand from the people of *Geneva*; and if what they tell of him is true, his character differs from that of a common sharper, only as a great thing

thing differs from a little one of the same species. It is to be wished somebody would oblige the world with a complete detail of his transactions, so far as they are known. We have no right to publish evil of any individual for the sake of a jest; but when a writer has made it his trade for so many years to deceive the world, by defaming others, magnifying himself, corrupting youth, blaspheming God, and weakening all the motives of religion to the utmost of his wit and malice; it is then not only fair and equitable, but it becomes a duty, to shew what

what effect his principles have had upon his own morals; according to the known rule with which we are provided in such cases, *ye shall know them by their fruits.*

A man of no principles never distinguishes nicely betwixt truth and falsehood, but speaks the one or the other as it serves his purpose. When such a person turns historian, he misleads his readers to make a false estimate of every thing. Volumes must be written if Mr. *Voltaire* was to be traced through the many falsehoods he has published to the world. But
he

he never deviates so hastily from truth, nor goes so far out of the way, as when religion has any concern with the matter in hand. When this is the case, he is in danger of a lie at every step: and most of his falsehoods are of such a sort as to betray at the same time the poverty of his logic and the badness of his heart. I must content myself here with one or two examples.

An affair happened at *Abbeville* in *France* about ten years ago, of which a late English traveller, who has all the appearances of impar-

impartiality, gives us a very particular account, which he collected upon the spot. The substance of it is this *. *Mons. De la Barre* a young man of large fortune at *Abbeville*, and a reputed atheist, was beheaded and burnt for contempt shewn to the religion of his country. He sallied out one night in a phrensy of zeal with his companions to attack superstition in whatever form it should chance to occur. If he had met a procession in the streets it is supposed he

* See a Four Months Tour through France, vol. i. p. 32, &c.

would

would have fallen upon the monks sword in hand : but nothing presented itself, save a crucifix upon the bridge, which he first battered with great stones, and then hacked with his sword. He was seized, imprisoned, condemned. Exhortations were used to persuade him to ask forgiveness, but he gloried in his heroism to the very last, and was accordingly executed. Such is the fact as our traveller has related it. When all things are considered, it seems most reasonable to conclude, that the man who could thus persist to the loss of

his head, for the satisfaction of hacking a crucifix in a drunken fit, was an enthusiast and madman to all intents and purposes, as much as the gentleman who offered himself to the late duke of *Newcastle*, with *his hat in his hand and a very low bow*, begging that he might be beheaded instead of old lord *Lovat*, who was then under sentence. But now let us hear Mr. *Voltaire*, whose works might very probably have their share in bringing Mr. De la Barre to such a miserable end.

He

He tells us in his Memoirs (p. 137.) that the crime of Mr. *De la Barre*, for which he suffered death, was that of *not kneeling in time of rain before a procession of Capuchins, who had passed about fifty or sixty paces from him* : and while our English traveller from *Abbeville* mentions little concerning the manner of his death, but that his head was struck off at one blow, instantly after he had made a speech expressing his contempt of death, *Voltaire* says he was condemned to be tortured, to have his tongue torn out with pincers,

and his body burnt *alive*. The two accounts are contradictory in every particular. How matters really stand between the judges of *Abbeville* and the principles of the christian religion, is another question. Our concern at present is with Mr. *Voltaire*, whose method of stigmatizing their cruelty, by inventing a false charge which agrees neither with the crime nor the punishment, is the very method I would have taken myself, if they had hired me to lessen the horror of it; because to charge them with what is known to be false,

false, is so far to give them an opportunity of clearing themselves.

The part Mr. *Voltaire* has taken to himself in this business, as also in another of the like sort between *Calvin* and *Servetus* (see *Memoirs*, p. 89.) may have the shew of a generous zeal against persecution; but they who know him best will give him no credit for it; as well knowing that *his* zeal is at the bottom nothing but spite against christianity, and tenderness to blasphemy. He sees no evil in persecution when good Christians are the objects of it. There is a

well known book called *An Essay on Crimes and Punishments*: Mr. V. has subjoined a curious commentary to it, in which he takes occasion to prefer the Heathens to the Christians for their indulgent tolerating spirit in matters of religion. Good man, he is fond of mercy wherever he meets with it, even in Heathens themselves.

“ The amazing contrast, saith he,
 “ between the Roman laws and
 “ the barbarous institutions by
 “ which they were succeeded,
 “ hath often been the subject of
 “ conversation among the specu-
 “ lative

"relative part of mankind." He here means (and goes on to assert it) that the heathen Romans were so wise and moderate as to tolerate all offences against their gods; but the Christians who succeeded were so cruel as to establish sanguinary laws against impiety, and put blasphemers and heretics to death. But what sanguinary laws were enacted against heretics till the ninth century? To compare the *Roman laws* with those that succeeded them, and to mean by the latter the sanguinary laws of the Romish church in the corrupt

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ages,

ages, is no less absurd than to assert that the consulate of Cicero was immediately succeeded by the ninth century. But were the Heathens really so moderate as Mr. V. insinuates? did not *Socrates*, the most celebrated of philosophers, lose his life for a few obscure expressions against the gods of his country? and when the Christians refused to offer sacrifice to *Jupiter* and the rest of the Roman deities, did the Romans tolerate them in their nonconformity? No: magistrates, priests, and people, augurs, conjurers, soldiers and

and philosophers, rose up against them throughout the empire, and having convicted them legally of impiety, they bored out their eyes, tore their flesh from their bones, broiled them on gridirons, and dressed them up in combustible coats of pitch and sulphur, to revenge the affronts offered to their deities. These are the moderate and indulgent Heathens; and the merciful Mr. *Voltaire*, the grand adversary of all persecutors, is their advocate against the Christians; preferring the spirit of Heathenism, to the spirit of Christianity.

Where

Where does he find a tolerating spirit among the Romans? I suppose he means, that because Heathens did not burn Heathens for speaking lightly of those vile deities, whores, thieves, and drunkards, &c. &c. of whom no man could speak well and tell the truth, they were therefore moderate in their religion: as to their butchering thousands of innocent Christians in a year for refusing to worship them, that is a mere trifle, not worthy to be made a *subject of conversation* among the *speculative part of mankind*.

In

In this manner doth Mr. *Voltaire*, that eminent historian, give us the history of facts: he disguises, suppresses and falsifies, just as it suits his bad principles. His aim is to make all good contemptible, all evil desirable: if he opposes any thing that is bad, it is for the sake of something that is worse: all truth withers under his hand, and the vilest of lies assume an air of credibility. What a dangerous instrument is wit in the hands of such a person! it procures an hearing for all his trifles,

trifles, and gives a passport to all his wickedness.

The affair of the statue, which his disciples proposed to erect for him at *Paris*, is spoken of in these memoirs, and, by the foul language he throws out against those that opposed it, appears to have hurt him exceedingly. He pronounces them all fanatic writers of the *Pont Neuf* (equivalent to our *Grub Street*) and thinks their effigies ought to be stuck up in the *Greve*, the place of execution. However, he lets us know, that his patron the king of *Prussia* sent him

him his figure on a pedestal in the porcelain of that country. His vanity was in labour, and expected to bring forth a fine marble statue at Paris as big as the life; but miscarried at last of a little china doll, which is preserved to give the parent some small consolation under the disappointment. They who have been at *Ferney* inform us, there are at least two statues of Mr. *Voltaire* in his hall; but such things in a man's own house are memorials of the high opinion he entertains of himself.

When

When I was at *Paris*, I met with a very good print of him; it is said to be a striking likeness, and exactly answers the description which some French poet has given of his figure in the following lines:

Spectre vivant, squelette decharné !
 Qui n'a rien vu que la seule figure,
 Croiroit d'abord vu d'un damné
 L'epouvantable et hidieuse peinture.
 Mais eplouchant le monstre jusqu' à
 bout,
 Poete impie, effrene philosophe,
 On voit encore, en considerant tout,
 Que la doublure est pire que l'etoffe.

An

An ingenious gentleman* who excels greatly in the use of the pencil, has been so obliging as to communicate to me a drawing which he made at *Ferney* on a pleasant occasion. He was there in the year 1772, when Mr. *Voltaire*, having Mr. *Le Cain* and Madame *Clairon* with him, wished to have one of his own pieces represented, and got some strollers to fill the under parts : but at the rehearsal, being put out of patience at the performance of one of them, he dashed the book on the floor, started up, and threw himself into

* *Thomas Orde Esq. of Lincoln's Inn.*

the attitude expressed in the annexed Etching, to shew the fellow what acting was. A year or two ago, two young noblemen from Scotland were at the same place, one of whom having a ready hand at a sketch applied to his pencil while Mr. *Voltaire* was present, and was taking him down. His companion demanded why he gave himself that trouble? I chuse, said he, to have his person in my memory, that if I should chance hereafter to meet a man like him upon the road, I may get out of his way time enough.

No.

No. III.

For the satisfaction of the musical reader (if this work should fall into the hands of any such) I shall here subjoin a scale of the several stops which I found upon one of the best organs at *Paris*. I begin to reckon from the outer series on the left side, proceeding from thence till I finish with the outer series on the right side.

Vol. II.

O

Trem-

I.

Tremblant
Cromorne
Doublette
Prestant 8 pieds.
Pedale de flutte
Pedale de trompette
Cornet de recit
Grand cornet

II.

Montre 8 pieds
Prestant
Quatre de nazard
Tierce
Cymbale
Trompette.

III.

Pedale de flutte 4 pieds
Pedale de clarion
Trompette de recit
Montre de seize pieds
Bourdon de quatre pieds
Nazard
Voix humaine
Fourniture
Grosse trompette
Clarion.

- IV. { Dessus de haubois
Et basse de trompette
Plein jeu
Tierce
Nazard
Bourdon

I wish it was in my power to add to the above scale an explanation of the several names, and to shew what analogy they bear to the stops of our English instruments, and wherein they differ from them: but our terms being unknown to the musician whom I consulted, I could not make out the analogy by information, and therefore can only speak from the

memory I retain of my own trials. The *Montre*, *Prestant*, *Bourdon*, *Tierce*, *Fourniture*, and *Plein jeu*, are stops similar to our diapasons and their furnitures, which constitute what is natural and peculiar to the organ. But these being very feeble in their effect, it may easily be seen by the multitude of reed stops that occur how they must needs be overborne when the organ is played full.

No. IV.

On occasion of our being detained at *Calais* by a contrary wind, I mentioned some *Latin* verses made there by an English traveller under the like circumstances. As they are worth preserving, I shall insert them here; and add a plain English translation of them.

*Eure veni ! tua jamdudum exoptata morantur
Flamina ; te poscit votis precibusque viator
Impatiens, qui longa moræ fastidia sentit.
Interea ad curvas descendens sæpius oras*

Prospicit

*Prospicit in patriam atque avidis exhaurit ocellis,
Nec dulci faciem de littore dimovet unquam.
Illic Dubrenses ad cœlum ascendere colles
Aspicit, excelsamque arcem grandæque ruinas,
Et late ingentes scopulorum albescere tractus ;
Extenditque manus ripæ ulterioris amore.
Nequicquam. Videt hæc, nec fas attingere visa :
Obstat hyems inimica, et vis contraria venti.*

Expected *Eurus*, come ! thy lingering gale,
Shall it no more extend the swelling sail ?
The traveller persists for thee to pray,
Who feels the surfeit of a long delay.
Mean while descending frequent to the shore,
His longing eyes his native land explore.
Across the wave, and blended with the skies,
He sees the distant hills of *Dover* rise,
The tow'ring castle and th' extended train
Of chalky cliffs that crown the watry main.
Though fancy plants him on the favourite
land,
His feet still wander on a foreign strand.

Thus

Thus on the Stygian bank th' impatient
ghost

Spreads forth his arms to gain the Elysian
coast.

His efforts all in vain! he's doom'd to stay
While adverse winds and waves obstruct
his way.

No. VI.

The will of Dr. *Courayer* having been
consulted in the *Commons*, it appears, that
beside all his private legacies, he bequeathed
1800l. to charitable uses.

In the close of it, he makes the following remarkable declaration :

“ And now having made a full disposition of all my worldly concerns, I find myself obliged, in order to remove all doubts concerning my opinions and notions in matters of religion, to declare that I die
a member

a member of the catholic church; but without approving of many of the opinions and superstitions which have been introduced into the Romish church, and taught in their schools and seminaries, and which they have insisted on as articles of faith; though to me they appear to be not only not founded on truth, but also to be highly improbable. I rest myself in that which I have said in my *Relation Historical and Apologetical*, and in the defence of my translation of the Council of Trent, against the cardinal *Tencin* and some other divines."



F I N I S.